

The Day of True Lovers -- St. Valentine's

In rain, in wind, in sun or shine,
Will you be my Valentine?

It is not a very remarkable verse this, and yet you still remember the thrill the lines gave you when they came to you on a certain fourteenth of February in the early

withering rage you learned two days later that the valentine had really been sent you by the little girl next door. She had meant to keep her secret but being feminine she simply could not do so, and so she told you and met, instead of the gratitude which she expected, your weeping re-

so many hearts and darts on them, and the verses which ornament them seem not so saccharine.

Strictly up-to-date are these verses, however, as on one which shows a soldier laddie inditing a missive which says:

I send this little valentine
To say that I adore you.
There's no neutrality in mine.
I'm absolutely for you.

Which sentiment would gladden the heart of any maiden, be she English, German or Russian.

The fact that it is Leap Year has colored the valentine verse a bit. For instance one large card shows a lady on her knees before a very stiff and embarrassed looking young man who seeks to raise her to his arms. The inscription is: "This is Leap Year. Do it now."

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"To show my heart is yours as yet."
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These come in packages which contain sheets of lace paper, red hearts, golden doves, pansies and other flowers. For twenty-five cents sufficient material may be had to make ten lovely valentines, and besides the exquisite joy of making them there is also the pure pleasure of composing the verses to suit the recipient. For Johnnie Jones a horrid verse all about fuzzy worms, for Susan Carter a particularly mushy one, and so on. No doubt these home-made ones will arrive in rather a messy not to say a gummy state, but they are certain to be none the less welcome for that.

Alas that not a single missive for the fourteenth of this year proclaimed that age-old creed:

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Sugar is sweet and so are you."

Evidently we have outgrown this simple method of telling our love.

In these days it must be known that all valentines are not paper ones. Thus at the florist's may be found wonderful, heart-shaped boxes which will hold a great bunch of violets, big enough to make any maiden's heart bound with pleasure.

And at the confectioner's are heart-shaped boxes into which innumerable little bonbons may be packed to be sent out as Cupid's messengers. It is sad to have to relate that visiting cards are sometimes put into these boxes when they are dispatched to fair ones, but that is all wrong, an awful offense against good taste. The only real valentine is the anonymous one that causes her who receives it nearly to go wild with guessing. And the

only one worth while has a verse attached. The verse is as necessary to a valentine as a tall to a comet or a kite, so put one in, gentle lover, even if it is so unfinished a confession of faith as:

I do love you
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Your Own Valentine.

Latest Electric Light Shades Semi-Circular

In almost all attractive homes nowadays, electric lights are covered with shades of silk. The ground glass globes afforded by the companies which sell fixtures are no longer considered sufficiently attractive for drawing-room, dining-room or library. And these silk shades are simple to make. Wire frames are ordered to fit the individual light and the silk is quilted on this and finished at top and bottom with one of the pretty fancy braids which are to be found in the shops at reasonable prices.

But in a certain very artistic ten-room new treatment of these shades and a very attractive one was recently observed. Instead of each of the wall bracket lights having its own small shade each had one semi-circular in form, the flat side of which rested against the wall back of the light. It was just as if a large shade had been cut in two and a half used on each bulb. The shades were of rose-colored silk and had a top of the silk so that any reflection thrown against the ceiling would be rose-colored also.

Indeed this matter of covering the tops of lights is growing in favor and most of the new shades to be used on electric lights are finished at top as well as at sides, with silk.

Little Fables of the Business World

An Unwelcome Valentine

HERE was once a certain Young Man who "had it bad," and because he tried to "make good" straightway "got in bad." To put it another way, he and Dan Cupid crossed signals Somehow and Pulled a Bone—On St. Valentine's Day, at that!

This Young Fellow was one of those chaps who seem to Start in the Business World and Move Right Along in an Upward Direction. He hadn't been Burning Up the Road, exactly, but he had hit a Nifty Pace. His Boss happened to be one of those Rare Birds who not only Knew what an employee is Worth but also Pay him Accordingly—which may account in some measure for Our Hero's rise.

At all events he had passed the Stage where a Hall Bedroom and Low Speed on the Pocketbook were Necessary. In fact, he could occasionally Slip Into High without straining the Engine. He had a Few Simoleons salted away and was beginning to think of the time when he would be able to Go In On His Own Hook.

But, alas and alack, his Bed was not made entirely of Roseleaves. As is generally the case, he began to have ideas. Which is to say, he felt it Up To him to Break In. Not the Smart Set, exactly, for he was too Bright a lad for that; but he did hanker after Opportunity to wear Evening Dress and to make a Rarebit without proving himself a Cheese.

He saw an Opening and, properly Vised, he managed to Horn In. Pretty soon he was Keeping an Engagement

Book. Then It Got Worse.

He picked One Dame! and—well, that's where he "had it bad." It wasn't his Fault, nor yet his Misfortune, that she happened to be Way Up In G and the daughter of a Plute. But she was; which Aggravated the Case exceedingly. Oh, no, Our Hero wasn't a Fortune Hunter. In fact, it was the Other Way round. He felt himself Weighted Down with her Wealth.

He went through all the Stages of "How can I, a Poor Lad, hope to win her, an Heiress, without her thinking I'm after her Kale?" And, "Can I ever hope to support her in a Better Style than her Pater does?"

Needless to state he was always on his Best Behavior when before Her, and he dreaded the very thought of making a Fox Paw (i. e.—consult a French phrase book) He sure was Strong for the Proper Caper.

Then, along came St. Valentine's Day. She dropped a Merry Word or two about it several days beforehand; just sort of casual-like. And he listened with his Ears propped Wide.

She got off a few Remarks about the Sweet Sentimentality of the Occasion and the Good Old Custom which had been Handed down from the courtship days of old St. Valentine himself. Not being Up on the lives of Saints he couldn't tell her that concerning that Courtship Stunt she was in the Wrong Paw. So, he Fell For it.

On the eve of St. Valentine's Day he stopped before a window in which were laid Out a few Bushels of Valentines. They were of Every Class and With and Without Class—and—which

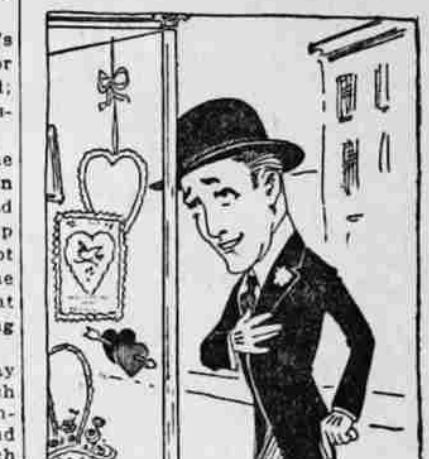
was More Important—in one corner was one of the Old Fashioned sort, the kind our Grandfathers gave our Grandmothers. At least, he supposed it was.

It was his Meant! That was what he'd been Looking For! Just Sentimental, Plain Slush—she would Appreciate it! So he separated himself from Four-Bits and Took It Away, box included. The Hearts on It Bled all over it; and the Verse was a Whooper, while the Cupids flitting about should have been in the Russian Ballet.

The Next Morning the Mailman left it at Her door.

And that evening he called.

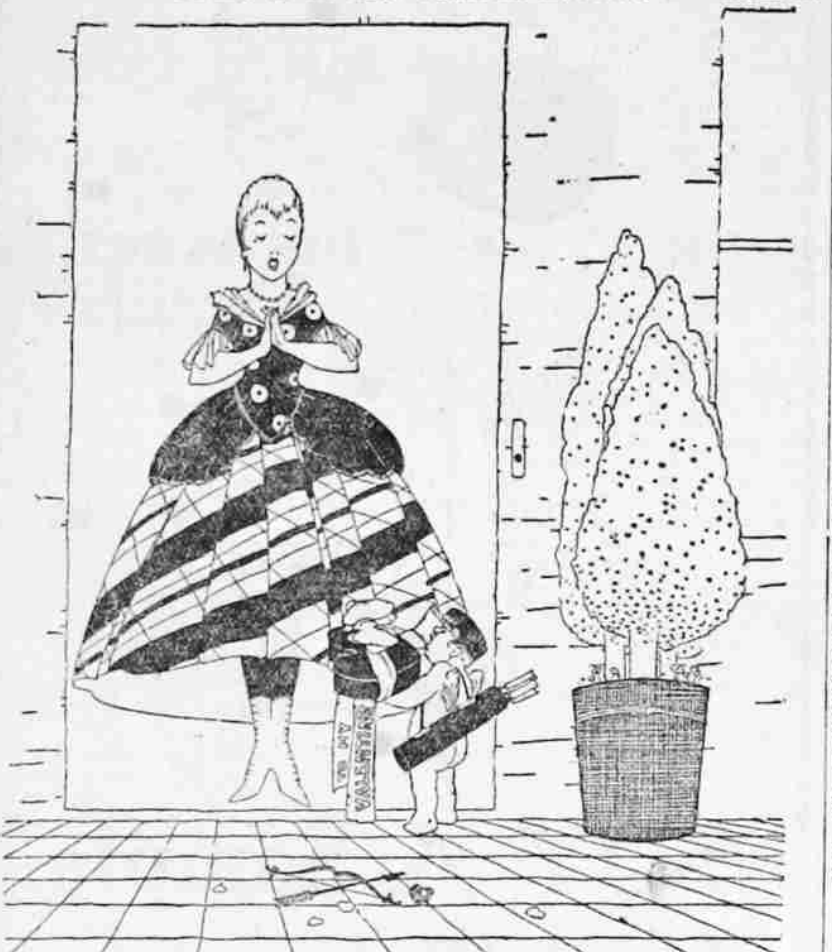
"Oh, you must see my gorgeous Valentines," She cooed. "Such beauties! Look—seven Five-Pound Boxes of candy, and ten Two-pounders; four



She would Appreciate it!

Bunches of Violets and three dozen American Beauties; two books of Poetry and nine of the Best Sellers! Oh—oh, yes—I almost Forgot. Will you please look at this—this Atrocious! Some one must be Kidding me! Disgusting, isn't it? With those Awful Hearts and that Silly, Mushy verse! Really, I think it must have been meant for the cook! Now, who do you suppose could have sent it?"

Moral—By next season Valentines will probably have Six Cylinders, Self-Starters and be cast en bloc.



part of the last century. They were writ, you recollect, in a tremulous and unformed hand on the back of a valentine that was all gold lace and purple pansies, and the whole was enclosed grandly in a square embossed envelope addressed in the same chirography. Of course the thing was anonymous and so you hoped and hoped that it came from Willie Smith, whom you then adored with all of the strength of your young heart.

In those optimistic days that which you hoped you believed, and so the next time that you met Willie Smith you blushed and avoided his eagle glance.

You can remember still with what

approaches. What possible meaning could a valentine from a girl have for you? None, of course. You howled with disappointment.

It was your very first valentine, and though it did bring disappointment and disillusionment to you, it brought also a thrill that recurs with every fourteenth of February. Always you expect on that day some pleasurable excitement, some occurrence mysteriously romantic.

A visit to the shops yesterday shows you that styles in valentines have changed a little in the last decade. The present day ones are more substantial, are not quite so ethereal as were their prototypes, there are not

so many hearts and darts on them, and the verses which ornament them seem not so saccharine.

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THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER SAYS

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER SAYS THAT she hears a great deal about

The Townbreds and their Country Place

by Edward Riddle Padgett

An Experiment in Economy

CITY or country, a man has no business to meddle in the management of the household.

Mr. Townbred knows it now—but he did not the other week. Also, he is at present of the opinion that a few cents overcharge on groceries is not a matter of moment. And thereby, of course, hangs a tale.

In several respects the Townbreds were most favorably situated at Five Oaks; and one of the greatest, perhaps, was the matter of supplies. They obtained them almost as easily—despite the roads and weather—as though they lived in the city.

Every morning a delivery wagon from the big grocery store in Vienna, the nearest village, came to the house, the boy taking Mrs. Townbred's order for groceries, meats, kitchen sundries and even small quantities of feed for the stock. Then, sometime during the afternoon, he would return with the desired articles.

This was most convenient. But—it was expensive, for the grocer, being quite human, charged a trifle more for his goods because of the really excellent delivery service he gave his customers.

Maybe it was simply because Mr. Townbred happened to be in a bad humor, or maybe he was cold and tired from his long ride home in the trolley; but in all probability it was because he happened to see on the month's grocery bill lying face up on the living room table. At all events, whatever the cause, he took occasion one evening the other week to find fault with the way Mrs. Townbred was purchasing her household supplies.

The bill was outrageous! Why, it was easily three dollars more a month than their grocery bill had averaged when they lived in the city!

Mrs. Townbred admitted it; but she explained the grocer's convenient system of delivery which, she said, was well worth the additional charge considering the fact that, otherwise, every time she wanted something from the store John would have to "hook up" and drive to Vienna for it. Moreover, a good portion of those three extra dollars had gone for emergency orders of bran for the cow and "middlins" for the pigs.

But Mr. Townbred wasn't in the least impressed. "Then that's all the more reason you should find some other way of purchasing—"

"The only other way is to buy them in town," Mrs. Townbred interrupted. "Staples are cheaper there, I admit," Mr. Townbred paused for thought. "Why not try it, then?" he asked. "Is the freight very much on small parcels?"

"Ten cents on each parcel," she hastened to explain. "So that's out of the question. But"—and a sly little twinkle came into her eyes—"lots of people around us make nearly all

of their purchases in the city—and carry them out on the car with them. Of course you wouldn't even consider such a—"

"I wouldn't, wouldn't I!" There was righteous indignation in Mr. Townbred's tone. "Well, I'd like to know where you got such an idea as that! I may not be a regular farmer my dear, but in times like these I'm willing to do anything within reason to keep down expenses. I haven't the false pride that prevents a city man from carrying a bundle—you bet I haven't! After this, you just tell me each morning what you want and I'll buy the things in town and bring them out with me in the evening."

And so it was settled.

When the delivery wagon came the next morning Mrs. Townbred told the boy that she had no order—and, further, that she didn't think it would pay him to come thereafter more than once a week.

And Mr. Townbred, that morning, had tucked away in his pocket a memorandum which read: "2 1/2 lbs pork chops; ten pounds of sugar; 1 lb of coffee; 2 salt mackerel." She deemed it wise to "break him in" gradually, and so refrained from jotting down a half-dozen other things she might have added.

That evening the car was within two stations of Five Oaks when Mr. Townbred (the reading of his evening paper completed) suddenly remembered that he ought to have some bundles with him, to-wit: pork chops, sugar, coffee and mackerel.

He had forgot to buy 'em!

For dinner that evening the Townbreds had mashed potatoes, canned

corn, tomato baked in compote—but no pork chops; tea, which Mr. Townbred always detested, and—without sugar! And for breakfast the next morning he had to content himself with two eggs and—on a cold morning, mind you—a glass of milk in lieu of his fragrant, steaming cup of Java!

And yet, manlike, he couldn't refrain from laying some of the blame upon his wife when his fearful oversight came to light that evening.

"How did I know you were entirely out of those things?" he demanded. "And wasn't it quite natural that, the first time, I should forget? Besides, you oughtn't to let things get down that way. The thing to do is to buy in larger quantities. Instead of a little bit every day. It saves money and it's a whole lot less trouble. Now"—he seized a pencil and pad from the living room table—"come in the pantry. Frieda, and we'll go over everything. You tell me what's needed, I'll jot it down and have the order filled the first thing tomorrow."

Mrs. Townbred took him at his word, and a tour of the pantry shelves was made. The result was a list which, Mr. Townbred later declared, was "as long as your arm." In which statement, however, it is to be feared, he exaggerated.

Could Mrs. Townbred have seen him the next afternoon trying to get aboard the car for Five Oaks she would have—well, she might have taken pity upon him and, again, she might have sat right down on the curb and laughed herself sick.

Literally, he was loaded down with bundles. From each hand dangled a

huge bundle made up of many little bundles. They manifested an amazing inclination to get between his knees or on top of them. And under each arm was a smaller package. They effectively prevented his raising his arms—unless, of course, he was willing to let them slip to the pavement.

Moreover, there were at least a few million other men and women, similarly armed, all eager and crowding to get on the car at the same moment. There were only a certain number of

seats in the car, you see, and those, unfortunately enough, to arrive too late had the pleasant prospect of standing in the aisle—and holding their bundles—until some poor, bundle-ridden commuter reached his station and surrendered his seat.

Always, always during the "rush hours" there was a mad scramble for seats. And always the scramble was made. On this occasion Mr. Townbred was quite the maddest of the lot!

When finally he did squeeze through the crush, the only seat left was half of one of the "side ones"—into which he fell with a sigh of relief, brazenly indifferent to the fact that the packages which had been jamming him in the back all the while were held by a fat, third-looking woman who wouldn't hesitate one minute to take a seat offered by a gentleman. But Mr. Townbred decided right then and there that, from that viewpoint, at least, he wasn't a gentleman.

He piled his bundles on the floor between his legs. And they reached to just the right height to interfere with

his reading his evening paper. Moreover, when she saw he wasn't going to be a gentleman, the fat lady seemed to take a malicious delight in walking all over his packages at every lurch of the car.

Arrived there, he gathered his impediments, and trudged wearily across the muddy road that led from the station to his house.

He entered by the kitchen door, slammed the whole lot of them down in the middle of the floor and stalked majestically through to the living room, where Mrs. Townbred was reading.

"Did you bring everything?" she asked sweetly.

Mr. Townbred glared. There was murder, arson and mayhem in his eye. "All of them? All of them! What do you think I am—a moving van? I should say not! I've enough for two more trips at the office."

"We'll see what you've brought," Mrs. Townbred glared. There was murder, arson and mayhem in his eye. "All of them? All of them! What do you think I am—a moving van? I should say not! I've enough for two more trips at the office."

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dear, and then I'll tell you what to bring out with you tomorrow and what to leave until the next day. Some of the things, you know, are needed right away and—"

"You'll have everyone of them tomorrow!" snapped Mr. Townbred.

Mrs. Townbred looked up in surprise. "Surely, Ruthven, surely you don't think you can manage them all on the single—"

"They are coming by freight. I'll have them sent from the office the very first thing in the morning!" Mrs. Townbred started to speak.

"And I don't care what it costs, either!" declared Mr. Townbred, savagely. "I always did pity a man who was boob enough to carry bundles just to save a few pennies—and if you think I'm going to break my back juggling out stuff every evening you are very much mistaken!"

The next day the delivery boy from the grocery store got an order—and was urged to come every day thereafter without fail!

(Copyright, 1916, by Edward Riddle Padgett.)

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red hearts and these, already cut, may be found at the stationery counter in most of the shops. For a centerpiece obtain a heart-shaped box or basket and fill with red roses and asparagus fern. Sprinkle red hearts lavishly over the white tablecloth, use them as place cards, and ornament white candles with them.

Or the shades may be made of four hearts of good size.

A pretty course for the valentine feast would be a salad of tomato hearts. For this use the juice and strained pulp of fresh or canned tomatoes. Season highly with salt, pepper, onion juice, bay-leaf and a soup-portion of cloves. Heat to the boiling point, strain and then add a half-package of gelatine to each two cups of juice and pulp and heat again. Mould individual heart-shaped patty pans and chill. Serve on hearts of lettuce and pass with these celery mayonnaise, that is a mayonnaise to which has been added tender chopped celery. Hearts cut from pimientos may be used to decorate other dishes.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER SAYS THAT she hears a great deal about

the healthfulness of substituting whole wheat and graham bread for that made of ground wheat flour, but that few people seem to realize the advantages and deliciousness of corn meal products. The reason, she thinks, may be because few cook-books have really good rules for these delicacies. When her northern cook-book proffers a recipe for a corn-meal dish she says it invariably begins: "Take three cups of flour and one cup of corn-meal"—as if that were a corn-meal dish at all. Corn pone as made in the South, where certainly it reaches the highest point of excellence, has little if any flour added to it, and is inexpensive, healthful and delicious. The meal should be water-ground but fine, and she prefers the yellow